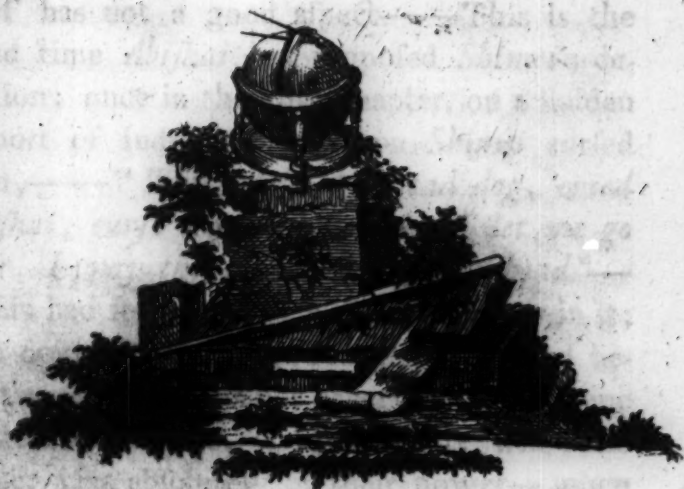


THE
S E R M O N S

OF

Mr. Y O R I C K.

V O L. III.



A NEW EDITION.

ALTENBURGH:

Printed for GOTTL. EMAN. RICHTER.

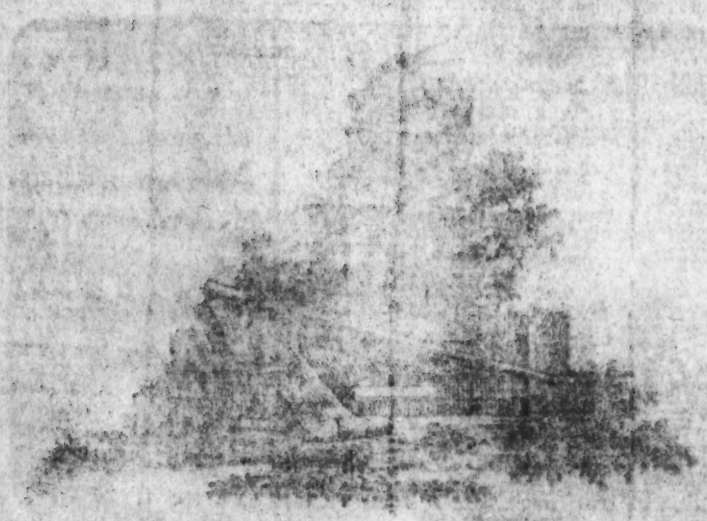
MDCCLXXVII.

THE
SERMONS

OF

MR. YORICK

VOLUME III



A NEW EDITION

AND
PUBLISHED BY
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.
PHILADELPHIA

S E R M O N XVI.

The Character of Shimei.

— 2 SAMUEL XIX. 21. 1st Part.

*But Abishai said, Shall not Shimei be put to death
for this?—*

— **I**T has not a good aspect.—This is the second time *Abishai* has proposed *Shimei*'s destruction; once in the 16th chapter, on a sudden transport of indignation, when *Shimei* cursed David,—"Why should this dead dog, cried *Abishai*, curse my lord the king? let me go over, I pray thee, and cut off his head."—This had something at least of gallantry in it; for in doing it, he hazarded his own; and besides the offender was not otherwise to be come at: the second time, is in the text; when the offender was absolutely in their power—when the blood was cool; and the suppliant was holding up his hands for mercy.

— Shall not *Shimei*, answered *Abishai*, be put to death for this? So unrelenting a pursuit looks less like justice than revenge, which is so cowardly a passion, that it renders *Abishai*'s first in-

stance almost inconsistent with the second. I shall not endeavour to reconcile them; but confine the discourse simply to Shimei; and make such reflections upon his character as may be of use to society.

Upon the news of his son Absalom's conspiracy, David had fled from Jerusalem, and from his own house for safety: the representation given of the manner of it, is truly affecting:—never was a scene of sorrow so full of distress!

The king fled with all his household to save himself from the sword of the man he loved: he fled with all the marks of humble sorrow—
“with his head cover'd and barefoot;” and as he went by the ascent of mount Olivet, the sacred historian says he wept—some glad some scenes, perhaps, which there had pass'd—some hours of festivity he had shared with Absalom in better days, pressed tenderly upon nature,—he wept at this sad vicissitude of things:—and all the people that were with him, smitten with his affliction, *cover'd each man his head—weeping as he went up.*

It was on this occasion, when David had got to Bahurim, that Shimei the son of Gera, as we read in the 5th verse, came out:—was it with the choicest oils he could gather from mount Olivet, to pour into his wounds?—Times and troubles had not done enough; and thou camest out, Shimei, to add thy portion—

“And

“And as he came, he cursed David, and threw stones and cast dust at him; and thus said Shimei, when he cursed: Go to, thou man of Belial—thou hast sought blood,—and behold thou art caught in thy own mischief; for now hath the Lord returned upon thee all the blood of Saul and his house.”

There is no small degree of malicious craft in fixing upon a season to give a mark of enmity and ill will: a word,—a look, which at one time would make no impression—at another time wounds the heart; and like a shaft flying with the wind, pierces deep, which, with its own natural force, would scarce have reached the object aimed at.

This seemed to have been Shimei's hopes: but excess of malice makes men too quicksighted even for their own purpose. Could Shimei possibly have waited for the ebb of David's passions, and till the first great conflict within him had been over—then the reproach of being guilty of Saul's blood must have hurt him—his heart was possessed with other feelings—it bled for the deadly sting which Absalom had given him—he felt not the indignity of a stranger—*“Behold, my son Absalom, who came out of my bowels, seeketh my life—how much more may Shimei do it?—let him alone; it may be the Lord may look upon my affliction, and requite me good for this evil.”*

An injury unanswered in course grows weary of itself, and dies away in a voluntary remorse.

In bad dispositions capable of no restraint but fear—it has a different effect—the silent digestion of one wrong provokes a second.—He pursues him with the same invective; *and as David and his men went by the way, Shimei went along on the hill's side over against him; and cursed as he went, and cast dust at him.*

The insolence of base minds in success is boundless; and would scarce admit of a comparison, did not they themselves furnish us with one in the degrees of their abjection when evil returns upon them—the same poor heart which excites ungenerous tempers to triumph over a fallen adversary; in some instances seems to exalt them above the point of courage, sinks them in others even below cowardice.—Not unlike some little particles of matter struck off from the surface of the dirt by sun-shine——dance and sport there whilst it lasts—but the moment 'tis withdrawn——they fall down—for dust they are—and unto dust they will return—whilst firmer and larger bodies preserve the stations which nature has assigned them, subjected to laws which no change of weather can alter.

This last, did not seem to be Shimei's case; in all David's prosperity, there is no mention made of him—he thrust himself forward into the circle, and possibly was number'd amongst friends and well-wishers.

When

When the scene changes, and David's troubles force him to leave his house in despair — Shimei is the first man we hear of, who comes out against him.

The wheel turns rounds once more; Absalom is cast down and David returns in peace—Shimei suits his behaviour to the occasion, and is the first man also who hastes to greet him—and had the wheel turn'd round a hundred times, Shimei, I dare say, in every period of its rotation, would have been uppermost.

O Shimei! would to heaven when thou wast slain, that all thy family had been slain with thee; and not one of thy resemblance left! but ye have multiplied exceedingly and replenished the earth; and if I prophecy rightly—Ye will in the end *subdue* it.

There is not a character in the world which has so bad an influence upon the affairs of it, as this of Shimei: whilst power meets with honest checks, and the evils of life with honest refuge, the world will never be undone: but thou, Shimei, hast sapp'd it at both extremes; for thou corruptest prosperity—and 'tis thou who hast broken the heart of poverty: and so long as worthless spirits, can be ambitious ones, 'tis a character we shall never want. O! it infests the court—the camp—the cabinet—it infests the church—go where you will—in every quarter, in every profession, you see a Shimei following the wheels of the fortunate through thick mire and clay.—

291 —Haste; Shimei!—haste; or thou wilt be undone for ever—Shimei girdeth up his loins and speedeth after him—behold the hand which governs every thing,—takes the wheels from off his chariot, so that he who driveth, driveth on heavily—Shimei doubles his speed—but 'tis the contrary way; he flies like the wind o'er a sandy desert, and the place thereof shall know it no more—stay, Shimei! 'tis your patron—your friend—your benefactor;—'tis the man who has raised you from the dunghil——'tis all one to Shimei: Shimei is the barometer of every man's fortune; marks the rise and fall of it, with all the variations from scorching hot to freezing cold upon his countenance, that the simile will admit of.—Is a cloud upon thy affairs?—see—it hangs over Shimei's brow—hast *thou been* spoken for to the king or the captain of the host without success?—look not into the court-kalender—the vacancy is fill'd up in Shimei's face—art thou in debt?—though not to Shimei—no matter—the worst officer of the law shall not be more insolent.

What then, Shimei, is the guilt of poverty so black—is it of so general a concern, that thou and all thy family must rise up as one man to reproach it?—when it lost every thing—did it lose the right to pity too?—or did he who maketh poor as well as maketh rich strip it of its natural powers to mollify the hearts and supple the temper of your race?—Trust me, ye have

much

much to answer for; it is this treatment which it has ever met with from spirits like yours, which has gradually taught the world to look upon it as the greatest of evils, and shun it as the worst disgrace—and what is it, I beseech you—what is it that man will not do, to keep clear of so fore an imputation and punishment?—is it not, to fly from this, that *he rises early—late takes rest; and eats the bread of carefulness*?—that he plots, contrives—swears—lies—shuffles—puts on all shapes—tries all garments,—wears them, with this, or that side outward—just as it favours his escape.

—They who have considered our nature, affirm, that shame and disgrace are two of the most insupportable evils of human life: the courage and spirits of many have master'd other misfortunes and borne themselves up against them; but the wisest and best of souls have not been a match for these; and we have many a tragical instance on record, what greater evils have been run into, merely to avoid this one.

—Without this tax of infamy, poverty, with all the burdens it lays upon our flesh—so long as it is virtuous, could never break the spirits of a man; all it's hunger, and pain and nakedness, are nothing to it, they have some counterpoise of good; and besides they are directed by providence, and must be submitted to: but those are afflictions not from the hand of God or nature—*“for they do come forth of the DUST, and*

most properly may be said to *spring out of the GROUND*, and this is the reason they lay such stress upon our patience,—and in the end, create such a distrust of the world, as makes us look up—and pray, *Let me fall into thy hands, O God! but let me not fall into the hands of men.*”

Agreeable to this was the advice of Eliphaz to Job in the day of his distress;—“*acquaint thyself, said he, now with God:*”—indeed his poverty seem’d to have left him no other: the swords of the Sabeans had frightened them away—all but a few friends; and of what kind they were, the very proverb, of *Job’s comforters*—says enough.

It is an instance which gives one great concern for human nature, “That a man, *who always wept* for him who was in *trouble*;—*who never saw any perish for want of cloathing*;—*who never suffered the stranger to lodge in the street, but opened his door to the traveller*;—*that a man of so good a character*,—“*that he never caused the eyes of the widow to fail,—or had eaten his morsel by himself alone, and the fatherless had not eaten thereof*;”—that such a man, the moment he fell into poverty, should have occasion to cry out for quarter,—*Have mercy upon me, O my friends! for the hand of God has touched me.*—Gentleness and humanity, one would think, would melt the hardest heart and charm the fiercest spirit; bind
up

up the most violent hand, and still the most abusive tongue:—but the experiment failed in a stronger instance of him, whose meat and drink it was to do us good; and in pursuit of which, whose whole life was a continued scene of kindness and of insults, for which we must go back to the same explanation with which we set out,—and that is, the scandal of poverty.—

“*This fellow, we know not whence he is*”—was the popular cry of one part; and with those who seemed to know better, the quere, did not lessen the disgrace:—Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary?—of Mary;—great God of Israel! What!—of the meanest of thy people! *for he had not regarded the low estate* of his handmaiden,—and of the poorest! too, for she had not a lamb to offer, but was purified as Moses directed in such a case, by the oblation of a turtle dove.—

That the Saviour of their nation, could be poor, and not have where to lay his head,—was a crime never to be forgiven: and though the purity of his doctrine, and the works which he had done in its support, were stronger arguments on its side, than his humiliation could be against it,—yet the offence still remained;—they looked for the redemption of Israel; but they would have it only in those dreams of power which filled their imagination——

Ye who weigh the worth of all things only in the gold-smith's balance!—was this religion
for

for you?—a religion whose appearance was not great and splendid,—but looked thin and meagre, and whose principles and promises shewed more like the curses of the law, than its blessings:—for they called for sufferings and promised little but persecutions.

—In truth it is not easy for tribulation or distress, for nakedness or famine, to make many converts out of pride; or reconcile a worldly heart to the scorn and reproaches, which were sure to be the portion of every one who believed a mystery so discredited by the world, and so unpalatable to all its passions and pleasures.

But to bring this sermon to its proper conclusion.

If *Astrea* or Justice never finally took her leave of the world, till the day that poverty first became ridiculous, it is matter of consolation, that the God of Justice is ever over us;—that whatever outrages the lowness of our condition may be exposed to, from a mean and undiscerning world,—that we walk in the presence of the greatest and most generous of Beings, who is infinitely removed from cruelty and straitness of mind, and all those little and illiberal passions, with which we hourly insult each other.

The worst part of mankind, are not always to be conquered—but if they are—'tis by the imitation of these qualities which must do it:—'tis true—as I've shewn—they may fail; but still all is not lost,—for if we conquer not the world,

world,—in the very attempts to do it, we shall at least conquer ourselves, and lay the foundation of our peace, where it ought to be, within our own hearts.

S E R M O N XVII.

*The Case of Hezekiah and the
Messengers. (*)*

2 KINGS XX. 15.

*And he said, What have they seen in thine house?
and Hezekiah answered, All the things that are
in my house have they seen; there is nothing
amongst all my treasures that I have not shewn
them.*

—AND where was the harm, you'll say in all this?

An eastern prince, the son of Baladine, had sent messengers with presents as far as from Babylon, to congratulate Hezekiah upon the recovery from his sickness; and Hezekiah, who was a good prince, acted consistently with himself:

VOL. III.

B

self:

(*) Preached before his Excellency the Earl of Hertford, at Paris 1763.

self: *he received and entertained the men and hearkened unto them*, and before he sent them away, he courteously shewed them all that was worth a stranger's curiosity in his house and his kingdom,—and in this, seemed only to have discharged himself of what urbanity or the *etiquette* of courts might require. Notwithstanding this, in the verse which immediately follows the text, we find he had done amiss; and as a punishment for it, that all his riches, which his forefathers had laid up in store unto that day, were threatened to be carried away in triumph to Babylon,—the very place from whence the messengers had come.

A hard return! and what his behaviour does not seem to have deserved. To set this matter in a clear light, it will be necessary to enlarge upon the whole story,—the reflections which will arise out of it, as we go along, may help us—at least, I hope they will be of use on their own account.

After the miraculous defeat of the Assyrians, we read in the beginning of this chapter, that Hezekiah was sick even unto death; and that God sends the prophet Isaiah, with the unwelcome message, *That he should set his house in order, for that he should die, and not live.*

There are many instances of men, who have received such news with the greatest ease of mind, and even entertained the thoughts of it with smiles upon their countenances,—and this, either

either from strength of spirits and the natural cheerfulness of their temper,—or that, they knew the world,—and cared not for it,—or expected a better—yet thousands of good men with all the helps of philosophy, and against all the assurances of a well spent life, that the change must be to their account,—upon the approach of death have still lean'd towards this world, and wanted spirits and resolution to bear the shock of a separation from it for ever.

This in some measure seemed to have been Hezekiah's case; for though he had walked before God in truth, and with a perfect heart, and had done that which was good in his sight,—yet we find that the hasty summons afflicted him greatly;—that upon the delivery of the message he wept sore;—that he turned his face towards the wall,—perhaps for the greater secrecy of his devotion, and that, by withdrawing himself thus from all external objects, he might offer up his prayer unto his God, with greater and more fervent attention.

—And he pray'd, and said, O Lord! I beseech thee remember——O Hezekiah! How couldst thou fear that God had forgotten thee? or, How couldst thou doubt of his remembrance of thy integrity, when he called thee to receive it's recompence?

But here it appears of what materials man is made: he pursues happiness—and yet is so content with misery, that he would wander for ever

in this dark vale of it,—and say, “*It is good, Lord! to be here, and to build tabernacles of rest:*” and so long as we are cloathed with flesh, and nature has so great a share within us, it is no wonder if that part claims it’s right, and pleads for the sweetness of life, notwithstanding all it’s care and disappointments.

This natural weakness, no doubt, had its weight in Hezekiah’s earnest prayer for life: and yet from the success it met with, and the immediate change of God’s purpose thereupon, it is hard to imagine, but that it must have been accompanied with some meritorious and more generous motive; and if we suppose, as some have done, that he turned his face towards the wall, because that part of his chamber looked towards the temple, the care of whose preservation lay next his heart, we may consistently enough give this sense to his prayer.

“O God! remember how I have walked before thee in truth;—how much I have done to rescue thy religion from error and falsehood;—thou knowest that the eyes of the world are fixed upon me, as one that hath forsaken their idolatry, and restored thy worship;—that I stand in the midst of a crooked and corrupt generation, which looks through all my actions, and watches all events which happen to me: if now they shall see me snatched away in the midst of my days and service, How will thy great name suffer in my extinction? Will

“not

"not the heathen say, This it is, to serve the
 "God of Israel!—How faithfully did Hezekiah
 "walk before him?—What enemies did he bring
 "upon himself, in too warmly promoting his
 "worship? and now when the hour of sickness
 "and distress came upon him, and he most wanted
 "the aid of his God:—behold how he was for-
 "saken!"

It is not unreasonable, to ascribe some such
 pious and more disinterested motive to Hezekiah's
 desire of life, from the issue and success of his
 prayer:—*for it came to pass before Isaiah*
had gone out into the middle court, that the
word of the Lord came to him, saying, Turn
again and tell Hezekiah I have heard his
prayer, I have seen his tears, and behold I
will heal him.

It was upon this occasion, as we read in the
 12th verse of this chapter, that Baradock-baladan,
 son of Baladine king of Babylon, sent letters and
 a present unto Hezekiah: he had heard the fame
 of his sickness and recovery; for as the Chal-
 deans were great searchers into the secrets of
 nature, especially into the motions of the ces-
 lestial bodies, in all probability they had taken
 notice at that distance, of the strange appear-
 ance of the shadow's returning ten degrees back-
 wards upon their dials, and had enquired and
 learned upon what account, and in whose favour
 such a sign was given; so that this astronomical
 miracle, besides the political motive which it

would suggest of courting such a favourite of heaven, had been sufficient by itself to have led a curious people as far as Jerusalem, that they might see the man for whose sake the sun had forsook his course.

And here we see how hard it is to stand the shock of prosperity,—and how much truer a proof we give of our strength in that extreme of life, than in the other.

In all the trials of adversity, we find that Hezekiah behaved well,—nothing unman'd him: when besieged by the Assyrian host, which shut him up in Jerusalem, and threaten'd his destruction,—he stood unshaken and depended upon God's succour.—When cast down upon his bed of sickness, and threaten'd with death, he meekly turn'd his face towards the wall,—wept and pray'd, and depended upon God's mercy:—but no sooner does prosperity return upon him, and the messengers from a far country come to pay the flattering homage due to his greatness, and the extraordinary felicity of his life, but he turns giddy, and sinks under the weight of his good fortune, and with a transport unbecoming a wise man upon it,—'tis said, he hearken'd unto the men, and shew'd them all the house of his precious things, the silver and the gold, the spices and the precious ointments, and all the house of his armour, and all that was found in his treasures; that there was nothing in his house, nor in his dominions, that Hezekiah shew'd

shew'd them not: for though it is not expressly said here, though it is in the parallel passage in Chronicles,—nor is he charged by the prophet that, he did this out of vanity and a weak transport of ostentation;—yet as we are sure, God could not be offended but where there was a real crime, we might reasonably conclude that this was his, and that he who searches into the heart of man, beheld that his was corrupted with the blessings he had given him, and that it was just to make what was the occasion of his pride, become the instrument of his punishment, by decreeing, that all the riches he had laid up in store until that day, should be carried away in triumph to Babylon, the very place from whence the messengers had come who had been eye-witnesses of his folly.

“O Hezekiah! How couldst thou provoke God to bring this judgment upon thee? How could thy spirit, all-meek and gentle as it was, have ever fallen into this snare? Were thy treasures rich as the earth—What! was thy heart so vain as to be lifted up therewith? Was not all that was valuable in the world—nay, was not heaven itself almost at thy command whilst thou wast humble? and, How was it, that thou couldst barter away all this, for what was lighter than a bubble, and defecate an action so full of courtesy and kindness as thine appeared to be, by suffering it to take it's rise from so polluted a fountain?”

There is scarce any thing which the heart more unwillingly bears, than an analysis of this kind.

We are a strange compound; and something foreign from what charity would suspect, so eternally twists itself into what we do, that not only in momentous concerns, where interest lifts under it all the powers of disguise,—but even in the most indifferent of our actions,—not worth a fallacy—by force of habit, we continue it: so that whatever a man is about,—observe him,—he stands arm'd inside and out with two motives; an ostensible one for the world,—and another which he reserves for his own private use;—this, you may say, the world has no concern with: it might have been so; but by obtruding the wrong motive upon the world, and stealing from it a character, instead of winning one;—we give it a right and a temptation along with it, to enquire into the affair.

The motives of the one for doing it, are often little better than the others for deserving it. Let us see if some social virtue may not be extracted from the errors of both the one and the other.

Vanity bids all her sons to be generous and brave,—and her daughters to be chaste and courteous.—But why do we want her instructions?—Ask the comedian who is taught a part he feels not—

Is it that the principles of religion want strength, or that the real passion for what is good and worthy will not carry us high enough—God! thou knowest they carry us too high—we want not *to be*—but *to seem*—

Look out of your door, — take notice of that man: see what disquieting, intriguing and shifting, he is content to go through, merely to be thought a man of plain dealing:—three grains of honesty would save him all this trouble—alas: he has them not, —

Behold a second, under a shew of piety hiding the impurities of a debauched life:—he is just entering the house of God:—would he was more pure—or less pious:—but then he could not gain his point.

Observe a third going on almost in the same track, — with what an inflexible sanctity of deportment, he sustains himself as he advances:—every line in his face writes abstinence;—every stride looks like a check upon his desires: see, I beseech you, how he is cloak'd up with sermons, prayers and sacraments; and so bemuffled with the externals of religion, that he has not a hand to spare for a worldly purpose;—he has armour at least—Why does he put it on? Is there no serving God without all this? Must the garb of religion be extended so wide to the danger of it's rending?—Yes truly, or it will not hide the secret—and, What is that?

—That

—That the saint has no religion at all.

—But here comes **GENEROSITY**; giving
—not to a decayed artist—but to the arts and
sciences themselves.—See,—he *builds not a
chamber in the wall apart for the prophet*; but
whole schools and colleges for those who come
after. Lord! how they will magnify his name!
—'tis in capitals already; the first—the highest,
in the gilded rent roll of every hospital and
asylum—

—One honest tear shed in private over the
unfortunate, is worth it all.

What a problematic set of creatures does simu-
lation make us! Who would divine that all that
anxiety and concern so visible in the airs of one
half of that great assembly should arise from no-
thing else, but that the other half of it may
think them to be men of consequence, penetra-
tion, parts and conduct?—What a noise amongst
the claimants about it? Behold *Humility*, out
of mere pride,—and honesty almost out of kna-
very:—*Chastity*, never once in harm's way,—
and courage, like a Spanish soldier upon an Italian
stage—a bladder full of wind.—

—Hark! that, the sound of that trumpet,—
let not my soldier run,—'tis some good Christian
giving alms. O, **PITY**, thou gentlest of hu-
man passions! soft and tender are thy notes, and
ill accord they with so loud an instrument.

Thus something jars, and will for ever jar in
these cases: imposture is all dissonance, let what
master

master so ever of it, undertake the part; let him harmonize and modulate it as he may, one tone will contradict another; and whilst we have ears to hear, we shall distinguish it: 'tis truth only which is consistent and ever in harmony with itself: it fits upon our lips, like the natural notes of some melodies, ready to drop out, whether we will or no;—it racks no invention to let ourselves alone,—and needs fear no critick, to have the same excellency in the heart which appears in the action.

It is a pleasing allusion the scripture makes use of in calling us sometimes a house; and something a temple, according to the more or less exalted qualities of the spiritual guest which is lodged within us: whether this is the precise ground of the distinction, I will not affirm; but thus much may be said, that, if we are to be temples, 'tis truth and singleness of heart which must make the dedication: 'tis this which must first distinguish them from the unhallowed pile, where dirty tricks and impositions are practised by the host upon the traveller, who tarries but for a moment and returns not again.

We all take notice, how close and reserved people are; but we do not take notice at the same time, that every one may have something to conceal, as well as ourselves; and that we are only marking the distances, and taking the measures of self-defence from each other, in the very instances we complain of: this is so true, that

that there is scarce any character so rare, as a man of real open and generous integrity,—who carries his heart in his hand,—who says the thing he thinks; and does the thing he pretends. Though no one can dislike the character,—yet, Discretion generally shakes her head,—and the world soon lets him into the reason.

“O that I had in the wilderness a lodging of way-faring men! that I might leave such a people and go from them.” Where is the man of a nice sense of truth and strong feelings, from whom the duplicity of the world, has not at one time or other wrung the same wish; and where lies the wilderness to which some one has not fled, from the same melancholy impulse?

Thus much for those who give occasion to be thought ill of;—let us say a word or two unto those who take it.

But to avoid all common-place cant, as much as I can on this head,—I will forbear to say, because I do not think it,—that 'tis a breach of Christian charity to think or speak evil of our neighbour, &c.

—We cannot avoid it: our opinions must follow the evidence; and we are perpetually in such engagements and situations, that 'tis our duties to speak what our opinions are—but God forbid, that this ever should be done, but from its best motive—the sense of what is due to virtue, governed by discretion and the utmost fellow feeling: were we to go on otherwise, be-
ginning

ginning with the great broad cloak of hypocrisy, and so down through all its little trimmings and facings, tearing away without mercy all that look'd seemly,—we should leave but a tatter'd world of it.

But I confine what I have to say to a character less equivocal, and which takes up too much room in the world: it is that of those, who from a general distrust of all that looks disinterested, finding nothing to blame in an action, and perhaps much to admire in it,—immediately fall foul upon it's motives: *Does Job serve God for nought?* What a vile insinuation! besides, the question was not, whether Job was a rich man or a poor man;—but, whether he was a man of integrity or no? and the appearances were strong on his side: indeed it might have been otherwise; it was possible Job might be insincere, and the devil took the advantage of the die for it.

It is a bad picture, and done by a terrible master, and yet we are always copying it. Does a man from real conviction of heart forsake his vices?—the position is not to be allowed,—no; his vices have forsaken him.

Does a pure virgin fear God and say her prayers:—she is in her climacterick.

Does humanity cloath and educate the unknown orphan?—Poverty! thou hast no genealogies:—see! is he not the father of the child? Thus do we rob heroes of the best part of their glory

glory—their virtue. Take away the motive of the act, you take away, all that is worth having in it;—wrest it to ungenerous ends, you load the virtuous man who did it, with infamy;—undo it all—I beseech you: give him back his honour,——restore the jewel you have taken from him——replace him in the eye of the world——it is too late.

It is painful to utter the reproaches which should come in here.—I will trust them with yourselves: in coming from that quarter, they will more naturally produce such fruits as will not set your teeth on edge—for they will be the fruits of love and good will, to the praise of God and the happiness of the world, which I wish.

S E R M O N XVIII.

The Levite and his Concubine.

JUDGES XIX. 1, 2, 3.

And it came to pass in those days, when there was no king in Israel, that there was a certain Levite sojourning on the side of mount Ephraim, who took unto him a concubine.—

A CONCUBINE!—but the text accounts for it, *for in those days there was no king in Israel*, and the Levite, you will say, like every other man in it, did what was right in his own eyes,—and so, you may add, did his concubine too—*for she played the whore against him, and went away.—*

—Then shame and grief go with her, and wherever she seeks a shelter, may the hand of justice shut the door against her.—

Not so; for she went unto her father's house in Bethlehem-judah, and was with him four whole months.—Blessed interval for meditation upon the fickleness and vanity of this world and its pleasures! I see the holy man upon his knees,

—with

—with hands compressed to his bosom, and with uplifted eyes, thanking heaven, that the object which had so long shared his affections, was fled.—

The text gives a different picture of his situation; *for he arose and went after her to speak friendly to her, and to bring her back again, having his servant with him, and a couple of asses; and she brought him unto her father's house; and when the father of the damsel saw him, he rejoiced to meet him.*—

—A most sentimental group! you'll say: and so it is, my good commentator, the world talks of every thing: give but the outlines of a story,—let *spleen* or *prudery* snatch the pencil, and they will finish it with so many hard strokes, and with so dirty a colouring, that *candour* and *courtesy* will sit in torture as they look at it.—Gentle and virtuous spirits! ye who know not what it is to be rigid interpreters, but of your own failings,—to you, I address myself, the unhired advocates for the conduct of the misguided,—whence is it, that the world is not more jealous of your office? How often must ye repeat it, “That such a one’s doing so or so,”—is not sufficient evidence by itself to overthrow the accused? That our actions stand surrounded with a thousand circumstances which do not present themselves at first sight;—that the first springs and motives which impell’d the unfortunate, lie deeper still;—and, that of the millions

millions which every hour are arraign'd, thousands of them may have err'd merely from the *head*, and been actually outwitted into evil; and even when from the heart,—that the difficulties and temptations under which they acted,—the force of the passions,—the suitableness of the object, and the many struggles of virtue before they fell,—may be so many appeals from justice to the judgment seat of pity.

Here then let us stop a moment, and give the story of the Levite and his Concubine a second hearing: like all others much of it depends upon the telling; and as the Scripture has left us no kind of comment upon it, 'tis a story on which the heart cannot be at a loss for what to say, or the imagination for what to suppose—the danger is, humanity may say too much.

And it came to pass in those days when there was no king in Israel, that a certain Levite sojourning on the side of mount Ephraim, took unto himself a Concubine.—

O Abraham, thou father of the faithful! if this was wrong,—Why didst thou set so ensnaring an example before the eyes of thy descendants? and, Why did the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac and Jacob, bless so often the seed of such intercourses, and promise to multiply and make princes come out of them?

God can dispense with his own laws; and accordingly we find the holiest of the patriarchs, and others in Scripture whose hearts cleaved

most unto God; accommodating themselves as well as they could to the dispensation: that Abraham had Hagar;—that Jacob, besides his two wives, Raehael and Leah, took also unto him Zilpah and Bilhah, from whom many of the tribes descended:—that David had seven wives and ten concubines;—Rehoboam, sixty,—and that, in whatever cases it became reproachable, it seemed not so much the thing itself, as the abuse of it, which made it so; this was remarkable in that of Solomon, whose excess became an insult upon the privileges of mankind; for by the same plan of luxury, which made it necessary to have forty thousand stalls of horses,—he had unfortunately miscalculated his other wants, and so had seven hundred wives, and three hundred concubines.——

Wife—deluded man! was it not that thou madest some amends for thy bad practice, by thy good preaching, what had become of thee! —three hundred—but let us turn aside, I beseech you, from so sad a stumbling block.

The Levite had but one. The Hebrew word imports a woman a concubine, or a wife a concubine, to distinguish her from the more infamous species, who came under the roofs of the licentious without principle. Our annotators tell us, that in Jewish *economicks*, these differ'd little from the wife, except in some outward ceremonies and stipulations, but agreed with her in all the true essences of marriage, and gave them-

from

o

... selves

selfes up to the husband, for so he is call'd, with faith plighted, with sentiments and with affection.

Such a one the Levite wanted to share his solitude, and fill up that uncomfortable blank in the heart in such a situation; for notwithstanding all we meet with in books, in many of which, no doubt, there are a good many handsome things said upon the sweets of retirement, &c. Yet still, "*it is not good for man to be alone:*" nor can all which the cold-hearted pedant stuns our ears with upon the subject, ever give one answer of satisfaction to the mind; in the midst of the loudest vauntings of philosophy, Nature will have her yearnings for society and friendship;—a good heart wants some object to be kind to—and the best parts of our blood, and the purest of our spirits suffer most under the destitution.

Let the torpid Monk seek heaven comfortless and alone—God speed him! For my own part, I fear, I should never so find the way: let me be wise and religious—but let me be MAN: wherever thy Providence places me, or whatever be the road I take to get to thee—give me some companion in my journey, be it only to remark to, How our shadows lengthen as the sun goes down;—to whom I may say, How fresh is the face of nature! How sweet the flowers of the field! How delicious are these fruits!

Alas! with bitter herbs, like his passover, did the Levite eat them: for as they thus walked the path of life together,—she wantonly turn'd aside into another, and fled from him.

It is the mild and quiet half of the world, who are generally outraged and born down by the other half of it: but in this they have the advantage; whatever be the sense of their wrongs, that pride stands not so watchful a sentinel over their forgiveness, as it does in the breasts of the fierce and froward: we should all of us, I believe, be more forgiving than we are, would the world but give us leave; but it is apt to interpose it's ill offices in remissions, especially of this kind: the truth is, it has it's laws, to which the heart is not always a party; and acts so like an unfeeling engine in all cases without distinction, that it requires all the firmness of the most settled humanity to bear up against it.

Many a bitter conflict would the Levite have to sustain with himself—his Concubine—and the sentiments of his tribe, upon the wrong done him:—much matter for pleading—and many an embarrassing account on all sides; in a period of four whole months, every passion would take it's empire by turns; and in the ebbs and flows of the less unfriendly ones, PITY would find some moments to be heard—RELIGION herself would not be silent,—CHARITY would have much to say,—and thus attun'd, every object he beheld on the borders of mount
Ephraim,

Ephraim,—every grot and grove he pass'd by; would solicit the recollection of former kindness, and awaken an advocate in her behalf, more powerful than them all.

"I grant—I grant it all,"—he would cry,—
 "'tis foul! 'tis faithless!—but, Why is the door
 "of mercy to be shut forever against it? and,
 "Why is it to be the only sad crime that the in-
 "jured may not remit, or reason or imagination
 "pass over without a scar?—Is it the blackest?
 "In what catalogue of human offences is it so
 "marked? or, Is it, that of all others, 'tis a blow
 "most grievous to be endured?—the heart cries
 "out, It is so: but let me ask my own, What
 "passions are they which give edge and force to
 "this weapon which has struck me? and, Whe-
 "ther it is not my own pride, as much as my
 "virtues, which at this moment excite the
 "greatest part of that intolerable anguish in the
 "wound which I am laying to her charge? But
 "merciful heaven! was it otherwise, Why is an
 "unhappy creature of thine to be persecuted by
 "me with so much cruel revenge and rancorous
 "despite as my first transport called for? Have
 "faults no extenuations?—Makes it nothing,
 "that, when the trespass was committed, she
 "forsook the partner of her guilt, and fled di-
 "rectly to her father's house? And is there no
 "difference betwixt one propensely going out
 "of the road and continuing there; through de-
 "pravity of will—and a hapless wanderer stray-

“ing by delusion, and warily treading back her
 “steps?—— Sweet is the look of sorrow for an
 “offence, in a heart determined never to com-
 “mit it more!—Upon that altar only, could I
 “offer up my wrongs. Cruel is the punishment
 “which an ingenuous mind will take upon itself,
 “from the remorse of so hard a trespass against
 “me,—and if that will not balance the account,
 “—just God! let me forgive the rest. Mercy
 “well becomes the heart of all thy creatures,—
 “but most of thy servant, a Levite, who offers
 “up so many daily sacrifices to thee, for the
 “transgressions of thy people.——

—“But to little purpose, he would add, have
 “I served at thy altar, where my business was
 “to sue for mercy, had I not learn’d to prac-
 “tise it.”

Peace and happiness rest upon the head and
 heart of every man who can thus think!

*So he arose, and went after her to speak
 friendly to her—in the original—“to speak to
 her heart;”—to apply to their former endear-
 ments,—and to ask, How she could be so un-
 kind to him, and so very unkind to herself?—*

—Even the upbraidings, of the quiet and
 relenting are sweet: not like the strivings of the
 fierce and inexorable, who bite and devour all
 who have thwarted them in their way;—but
 they are calm and courteous like the spirit which
 watches over their character: How could such a
 temper woo the damsel and not bring her back?

or,

or, How could the father of the damsel, in such a scene, have a heart open to any impressions but those mentioned in the text;—*That when he saw him, he rejoiced to meet him;—*urged his stay from day to day, with that most irresistible of all invitations,—*Comfort thy heart, and tarry all night, and let thine heart be merry.*

If *Mercy* and *Truth* thus met together in settling this account, *Love* would surely be of the party: great—great is it's power in cementing what has been broken, and wiping out wrongs even from the memory itself: and so it was—for the Levite arose up, and with him his Concubine and his servant, and they departed.

It serves no purpose to pursue the story further; the catastrophe is horrid; and would lead us beyond the particular purpose for which I have enlarged upon thus much of it,—and that is, to discredit rash judgment, and illustrate from the manner of conducting this drama, the courtesy which the *dramatis persona* of every other piece, may have a right to. Almost one half of our time is spent in telling and hearing evil of one another—some unfortunate knight is always upon the stage—and every hour brings forth something strange and terrible to fill up our discourse and our astonishment, “How people can be so foolish!”—and 'tis well if the compliment ends there: so that there is not a social

virtue for which there is so constant a demand, — or, consequently, so well worth cultivating, as that which opposes this unfriendly current — many and rapid are the springs which feed it, and various and sudden, God knows, are the gusts which render it unsafe to us in this short passage of our life: let us make the discourse as serviceable as we can, by tracing some of the most remarkable of them, up to their source.

And first, there is one miserable inlet to this evil, and which by the way, if speculation is supposed to precede practice, may have been derived, for aught I know, from some of our busiest enquirers after nature, — and that is, when with more zeal than knowledge, we account for phenomena, before we are sure of their existence. — *It is not the manner of the Romans to condemn any man to death, much less to be martyr'd, said Festus; — and doth our law judge any man before it hear him, and know what he doth?* cried Nicodemus; *and he that answereth, or determineth, a matter before he has heard it, — it is folly and a shame unto him.* — We are generally in such a haste to make our own decrees, that we pass over the justice of these; — and then the scene is so changed by it, that 'tis our folly only which is real, and that of the accused, which is imaginary: through too much precipitancy it will happen so; — and then the jest is spoil'd, — or we have criticis'd our own shadow.

A second way is, when the process goes on more orderly, and we begin with getting information,—but do it from those suspected evidences, against which our Saviour warns us, when he bids us, “*not to judge according to appearance*.”—in truth, 'tis behind these, that most of the things which blind human judgment lie concealed,—and on the contrary, there are many things which appear to be,—which are not: *Christ came eating and drinking*,—*behold a wine-bibber*!—he sat with sinners—he was their friend:—in many cases of which kind, *Truth*, like a modest matron scorns art,—and disdains to press herself forwards into the circle to be seen:—ground sufficient for *Suspicion* to draw up the libel,—for *Malice* to give the torture,—or rash *Judgment* to start up and pass a final sentence.

A third way is, when the facts which denote misconduct, are less disputable, but are commented upon with an asperity of censure, which a humane or a gracious temper would spare: an abhorrence against what is criminal, is so fair a plea for this, and looks so like virtue in the face, that in a sermon against rash judgment, it would be unreasonable to call it in question,—and yet, I declare, in the fullest torrent of exclamations which the guilty can deserve, that the simple apostrophè, “*Wo made me to differ: why was not I an example?*” would touch my heart more, and give me a better earnest of the commentators,—

tors,—than the most corrosive period you could add. The punishment of the unhappy, I fear, is enough without it—and were it not,—’tis pitious, the tongue of a Christian, whose religion is all candour and courtesy, should be made the executioner. We find in the discourse between Abraham and the rich man, though the one was in heaven, and the other in hell, yet still the patriarch treated him with mild language: —*Son!—Son, remember that thou in thy life time, &c. &c.*—and in the dispute about the body of Moses, between the Arch-angel and the devil, himself, St. Jude tells us, he durst not bring a railing accusation against him;—’twas unworthy his high character,—and indeed, might have been impolitick too; for if he had, as one of our divines notes upon the passage, the devil had been too hard for him at railing,—’twas his own weapon,—and the basest spirits after his example are the most expert at it.

This leads me to the observation of a fourth cruel inlet to this evil, and that is, the desire of being thought men of wit and parts, and the vain expectation of coming honestly by the title, by shrewd and sarcastic reflections upon whatever is done in the world. This is setting up trade upon the broken stock of other people’s failings, —perhaps their misfortunes:—so much good may’t do them with what honour they can get, —the furthest extent of which, I think, is, to be praised, as we do some saucers, with tears in

our eyes: It is a commerce most illiberal; and as it requires no vast capital, too many embark in it; and so long as there are bad passions to be gratified, — and bad heads to judge, with such it may pass for wit, or at least like some vile relation, whom all the family is ashamed of, claim kindred with it, even in better companies. Whatever be the degree of its affinity, it has helped to give wit a bad name, as if the main essence of it was satire: certainly there is a difference between *Bitterness* and *Saltiness*, — that is, — between the malignity and the festivity of wit, — the one is a mere quickness of apprehension, void of humanity, — and is a talent of the devil; the other comes down from the Father of Spirits, so pure and abstracted from persons, that willingly it hurts no man; or if it touches upon an indecorum, 'tis with that dexterity of true genius, which enables him rather to give a new colour to the absurdity, and let it pass. — He may smile at the shape of the obelisk raised to another's fame, — but the malignant wit will level it at once with the ground, and build his own upon the ruins of it. —

What then, ye rash censurers of the world! Have ye no mansions for your credit, but those from whence ye have extruded the right owners? Are there no regions for you to shine in, that ye descend for it, into the low caverns of abuse and crimination? Have ye no seats — but those of the scornful to sit down in? if *Honour* has
mistook

mistook his road, or the *Virtues* in their excesses have approached too near the confines of *Vice*, Are they therefore to be cast down the precipice? Must *BEAUTY* for ever be trampled upon in the dirt for one— one false step? And shall no one virtue or good quality, out of the thousand the fair penitent may have left,— shall not one of them be suffered to stand by her?— Just God of Heaven and Earth!—

— But thou art merciful, loving and righteous, and lookest down with pity upon these wrongs thy servants do unto each other: pardon us, we beseech thee, for them, and all our transgressions; let it not be remember'd, that we were brethren of the same flesh, the same feelings and infirmities:— O my God! write it not down in thy book, that thou madest us merciful, after thy own image;— that thou hast given us a religion so courteous, — so good temper'd, — that every precept of it carries a balm along with it to heal the soreness of our natures, and sweeten our spirits that we might live with such kind intercourse in this world, as will fit us to exist together in a better. —

SERMON

SERMON XIX.

Felix's Behaviour towards Paul, examined.

ACTS XXIV. 26.

He hoped also, that money should have been given him of Paul, that he might loose him.

A NOBLE object to take up the consideration of the Roman governour!

—“*He hoped that money should have been given him!*”—For what end? to enable him to judge betwixt right and wrong!—and, From whence was it to be wrung? from the poor scrip of a disciple of the carpenter’s son, who left nothing to his followers but poverty and sufferings.—

And was this Felix!—the great, the noble Felix!—Felix the happy!—the gallant Felix who kept Drusilla!—Could he do this?—base passion! What can’st thou not make us do?

Let us consider the whole transaction.

Paul, in the beginning of this chapter, had been accused before Felix, by Tertullus, of very grievous crimes,—of being a pestilent fellow—

There

a mover

a mover of seditions, and a prophane of the temple, &c.—To which accusations, the apostle having liberty from Felix to reply, he makes his defence from the 10th to the 22d verse, to this purport. He shews him first, that the whole charge was destitute of all proof; which he openly challenges them to produce against him, if they had it;—that on the contrary, he was so far from being the man, Tertullus had represented, that the very principles of the religion with which he then stood charged,—and which they called heresy, led him to be the most unexceptionable in his conduct, by the continual exercise which it demanded of him, of having a conscience void of offence at all times, both towards God and man; that consistently with this, his adversaries had neither found him in the temple disputing with any man, neither raising up the people, neither in the synagogue, or in the city,——for this he appeals to themselves:—that it was but twelve days since he came up to Jerusalem for to worship:—that during that time, when he purified in the temple, he did it as became him, without noise, without tumult; this he calls upon the Jews who came from Asia, and were eye-witnesses of his behaviour, to attest;—and, in a word, he urges the whole defence before Felix in so strong a manner, and with such plain and natural arguments of his innocence, as to leave no colour for his adversaries to reply.

There

There was, however, still one adversary in this court,—though silent, yet not satisfied—

—Spare thy eloquence, Tertullus! roll up the charge: a more notable orator than thyself is risen up,—'tis AVARICE, and that too, in the most fatal place for the prisoner it could have taken possession of,—'tis in the heart of the man who judges him.

If Felix believed Paul innocent, and acted accordingly,—that is, released him without reward,—this subtle advocate told him he would lose one of the profits of his employment,—and if he acknowledged the faith of Christ, which Paul occasionally explained in his defence,—it told him, he might lose the employment itself;—so that notwithstanding the character of the apostle appeared, as it was, most spotless; and the faith he professed so very clear, that as he urged it, the heart gave its consent,—yet, at the same time, the passions rebell'd; and so strong an interest was formed thereby, against the first impressions in favour of the man and his cause, that both were dismissed;—the one to a more convenient hearing, which never came; the other to the hardships of a prison for two whole years,—hoping, as the text informs us, that money should have been given him; and even at the last, when he left the province, willing to do the Jews a pleasure,—that is,—to serve his interest in another shape with all the conviction upon his mind, that he had done nothing worthy of bonds,

he,

he, nevertheless, left the holy man bound, and consigned over to the hopeless prospect of ending his days in the same state of confinement, in which he had ungenerously left him.

One would imagine, as covetousness is a vice not naturally cruel in itself, that there must certainly have been a mixture of other motives in the governor's breast, to account for a proceeding so contrary to humanity and his own conviction; and could it be of use to raise conjectures upon it, there seems but too probable grounds for such a supposition. It seems that Drusilla, whose curiosity, upon a double account, had led her to hear Paul,—for she was a daughter of Abraham—as well as of Eve,—was a character which might have figured very well even in our own times; for as Josephus tells us, she had left the Jew her husband, and without any pretence in their law to justify a divorce, had given herself up without ceremony to Felix; for which cause, though she is here called his wife, she was in reason and justice, the wife of another man,—and consequently lived in an open state of adultery. So that when Paul, in explaining the faith of Christ, took occasion to argue upon the morality of the gospel,—and urged the eternal laws of Justice,—the unchangeable obligations to temperance, of which chastity was a branch,—it was scarce possible to frame his discourse so, had he wished to temporize, but that either her interest or her love must have taken

taken offence: and though we do not read, like Felix, that she trembled at the account, 'tis yet natural to imagine she was affected with other passions, of which the apostle might feel the effects—and 'twas well he suffered no more, if two such violent enemies as lust and avarice were combined against him.

But this by the way,—for as the text seems only to acknowledge one of these motives, it is not our business to assign the other.

It is observable, that this same apostle, speaking, in his epistle to Timothy, of the ill effects of this same ruling passion, affirms, that it is the root of all evil; and I make no doubt but the remembrance of his own sufferings, had no small share in the severity of the reflection.—Infinite are the examples, where the love of money is only a subordinate and ministerial passion, exercised for the support of some other vices; and 'tis generally found, when there is either ambition, prodigality or lust, to be fed by it, that it then rages with the least mercy and discretion; in which cases, strictly speaking, it is not the root of other evils,—but other evils are the root of it.

This forces me to recall what I have said upon covetousness, as a vice not naturally cruel: it is not apt to represent itself to our imaginations, at first sight, under that idea; we consider it only as a mean, worthless turn of mind, incapable of judging or doing what is right: but as it is a vice which does not always set up for itself,—

to know truly what it is in this respect, we must know what masters it serves;—they are many, and of various casts and humours, — and each one lends it something of its own complexional tint and character.

This, I suppose, may be the cause that there is a greater and more whimsical mystery in the love of money, than in the darkest and most non-sensical problem that ever was pored on.

Even at the best, and when the passion seems to seek nothing more than its own amusement, — there is little — very little, I fear to be said for its humanity. — It may be a sport to the miser, — but consider, — it must be death and destruction to others. — The moment this fordid humour begins to govern — farewell all honest and natural affections! farewell all he owes to parents, to children, to friends! — how fast the obligations vanish! see! — he is now stripped of all feelings whatever: — the shrill cry of justice, — and the low lamentation of humble distress, are notes equally beyond his compass. — Eternal God! see! — he passes by one whom thou hast just bruised, without one pensive reflection: — he enters the cabin of the widow whose husband and child thou hast taken to thyself, — exacts his bond, without a sigh! Heaven! if I am to be tempted, — let it be by glory, — by ambition, — by some generous and manly vice: — if I must fall, let it be by some passion which thou hast planted in my nature, which shall not harden my

my heart, but leave me room at last to retreat and come back to thee.

It would be easy here to add the common arguments which reason offers against this vice; but they are so well understood, both in matter and form,—it is needless.

I might cite to you what Seneca says upon it—but the misfortune is, that at the same time he was writing against riches, he was enjoying a great estate, and using every means to make that estate still greater.

With infinite pleasure might a preacher enrich his discourse in this place, by weaving into it all the smart things, which ancient or modern wits have said upon the love of money:—he might inform you,

—“That Poverty wants something—that covetousness wanteth all,”

“That a miser can only be said to have riches, as a sick man has a fever, which holds and tyrannizes over the man,—not he over it.”—

“That covetousness is the shirt of the soul,—the last vice it parts with.”

“That nature is content with few things,—or that nature is never satisfied at all, &c.”

The reflection of our Saviour, *That the life of man consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth*,—speaks more to the heart—and the single hint of the *Camel*, and what a very narrow passage he has to go,—has more coercion in it, than all the fee saws of philosophy.

I shall endeavour therefore to draw such other reflections from this piece of sacred story, as are applicable to human life,—and more likely to be of use.

There is nothing generally in which our happiness and honour are more nearly concerned, than in forming true notions both of men and things; for in proportion as we think rightly of them, we approve ourselves to the world,—and as we govern ourselves by such judgments, so we secure our peace and well-being in passing through it: the false steps and miscarriages in life, issuing from a defect in this capital point, are so many and fatal, that there can be nothing more instructive than an enquiry into the causes of this perversion, which often appears so very gross in us, that were you to take a view of the world,—see what notions it entertains, and by what considerations it is governed,—you would say of the mistakes of human judgment, what the prophet does of the folly of human actions,—“*That we were wise to do evil, but to judge rightly, had no understanding.*”

—That in many dark and abstracted questions of mere speculation, we should err—is not strange: we live among mysteries and riddles, and almost every thing which comes in our way, in one light or other, may be said to baffle our understandings,—yet seldom, so as to mistake in extremities, and take one contrary for another;—’tis very rare, for instance, that we take

the

the virtue of a plant to be hot, when it is extremely cold,—or, that we try the experiment of opium to keep us waking:—yet, this we are continually attempting in the conduct of life, as well as in the great ends and measures of it. That such wrong determinations in us, do not arise from any defect of judgment inevitably misleading us,—would reflect dishonour upon God; as if he had made and sent men into the world on purpose to play the fool. His all bountiful hand, made his judgment, like his heart, upright; and the instances of his sagacity in other things, abundantly confirm it: we are led therefore in course to a supposition, that in all inconsistent instances, there is a secret bias somehow or other, hung upon the mind, which turns it aside from reason and truth.

What this is, if we do not care to search for it in ourselves, we shall find it registered in this transaction of Felix: and we may depend, that in all wrong judgments whatever, in such plain cases as this, that the same explanation must be given of it, which is given in the text,—namely, that it is some selfish consideration—some secret dirty engagement with some little appetite, which does us so much dishonour.

The judgments of the more disinterested and impartial of us, receive no small tincture from our affections: we generally consult them in all doubtful points, and it happens well if the matter in question is not almost settled before the arbi-

trator is called into the debate;—but in the more flagrant instances, where the passions govern the whole man, 'tis melancholy to see the office to which reason, the great prerogative of his nature, is reduced; serving the lower appetites in the dishonest drudgery of finding out arguments to justify the present pursuit.

To judge rightly of our own worth, we should retire a little from the world, to see all its pleasures—and pains too, in their proper size and dimensions;—this, no doubt, was the reason, St. Paul, when he intended to convert Felix, began his discourse upon the day of judgment, on purpose to take the heart off from this world and its pleasures, which dishonour the understanding so as to turn the wisest of men into fools and children.

If you enlarge your observations upon this plan, you will find where the evil lies which has supported those desperate opinions, which have so long divided the Christian world,—and are likely to divide it for ever.

Consider popery well; you will be convinced, that the truest definition which can be given of it, is,—That it is a pecuniary system, well contrived to operate upon men's passions and weakness, whilst their pockets are picking: run through all the points of difference between us,—and when you see, that in every one of them, they serve the same end which Felix had in view, either of money or power; there is little

little room left to doubt whence the cloud arises, which is spread over the understanding.

If this reasoning is conclusive with regard to those who merely differ from us in religion,—let us try if it will not hold good with regard to those who have none at all,—or rather, who affect to treat all persuasions of it, with ridicule alike. Thanks to good sense, good manners, and a more enlarged knowledge, this humour is going down, and seems to be settling at present, chiefly amongst the inferiour classes of people—where it is likely to rest: as for the lowest ranks, though they are apt enough to follow the modes of their betters, yet are not likely to be struck with this one, of making merry with that which is their consolation; they are too serious a set of poor people ever heartily to enter into it.—

There is enough, however, of it in the world to say, that this all-sacred system, which holds the world in harmony and peace, is too often the first object, that the giddy and inconsiderate make choice of to try the temper of their wits upon. Now, of the numbers who make this experiment,—do you believe that one in a thousand does it from conviction,—or from arguments which a course of study,—much cool reasoning,—and a sober enquiry into antiquity, and the true merits of the question, has furnished him with?—The years and way of life of the most forward of these, lead us to a different explanation.

Religion which lays so many restraints upon us, is a troublesome companion to those who will lay no restraints upon themselves;—and for this reason there is nothing more common to be observed, than that the little arguments and cavils, which such men have gathered up against it in the early part of their lives,—how considerable soever they may have appeared, when viewed through their passions and prejudices, which give an unnatural turn to all objects,—yet, when the edge of appetite has been worn down, and the heat of the pursuit pretty well over,—and reason and judgment have got possession of their empire——

—They seldom fail of bringing the lost sheep back to his fold.

May God bring us all there. Amen.

S E R M O N XX.

The prodigal Son.

LUKE xv. 13.

And not many days after, the younger son gathered all be had together, and took his journey into a far country.—

I KNOW not whether the remark is, to our honour or otherwise, that lessons of wisdom have never such power over us, as when they are wrought into the heart, through the groundwork of a story which engages the passions: Is it that we are like iron, and must first be heated before we can be wrought upon? or, Is the heart so in love with deceit, that where a true report will not reach it, we must cheat it with a fable, in order to come at truth?

Whether this parable of the prodigal, for so it is usually called,—is really such, or built upon some story known at that time in Jerusalem, is not much to the purpose; it is given us to enlarge upon, and turn to the best moral account we can.

“A certain man, says our Saviour, had two sons, and the younger of them said to his father,

“Give

“Give me the portion of goods which falls to
 “me: and he divided unto them his substance.
 “And not many days after, the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into
 “a far country, and there wasted his substance
 “with riotous living.”

The account is short: the interesting and pathetic passages with which such a transaction would be necessarily connected, are left to be supplied by the heart:—the story is silent—but nature is not:—much kind advice, and many a tender expostulation would fall from the father’s lips, no doubt, upon this occasion.

He would dissuade his son from the folly of so rash an enterprize, by shewing him the dangers of the journey,—the inexperience of his age,—the hazards his life, his fortune, his virtue would run, without a guide, without a friend: he would tell him of the many snares and temptations which he had to avoid, or encounter at every step,—the pleasures which would solicit him in every luxurious court,—the little knowledge he could gain—except that of evil: he would speak of the seductions of women,—their charms—their poisons:—what hapless indulgences he might give way to, when far from restraint, and the check of giving his father pain.

The dissuasive would but inflame his desire.—

He gathers all together.—

—I see

—I see the picture of his departure:—the camels and asses loaden with his substance, detached on one side of the piece, and already on their way:—the prodigal son standing on the fore ground, with a forced sedateness, struggling against the fluttering movement of joy, upon his deliverance from restraint:—the elder brother holding his hand, as if unwilling to let it go:—the father,—sad moment! with a firm look, covering a prophetic sentiment, “that all would not go well with his child,”—approaching to embrace him, and bid him adieu.—Poor inconsiderate youth! From whose arms art thou flying? From what a shelter art thou going forth into the storm? Art thou weary of a father’s affection, of a father’s care? or, Hopest thou to find a warmer interest, a truer counsellor, or a kinder friend in a land of strangers, where youth is made a prey, and so many thousands are confederated to deceive them, and live by their spoils?

We will seek no farther than this idea, for the extravagancies by which the prodigal son added one unhappy example to the number: his fortune wasted,——the followers of it fled in course,——the wants of nature remain,——the hand of God gone forth against him,——“*For when he had spent all, a mighty famine arose in that country.*”——Heaven! have pity upon the youth, for he is in hunger and distress,——stray’d out of the reach of a parent, who counts every
hour

hour of his absence with anguish,—cut off from all his tender offices, by his folly,—and from relief and charity from others, by the calamity of the times.—

Nothing so powerfully calls home the mind as distress: the tense fibre then relaxes,—the soul retires to itself,—fits pensive and susceptible of right impressions: if we have a friend, 'tis then we think of him; if a benefactor, at that moment all his kindnesses press upon our mind.—Gracious and bountiful God! Is it not for this, that they who in their prosperity forget thee, do yet remember and return to thee in the hour of their sorrow? When our heart is in heaviness, upon whom can we think but thee, who knowest our necessities afar off,—puttest all our tears in thy bottle,—seest every careful thought,—hearest every sigh, and melancholy groan we utter.—

Strange!—that we should only begin to think of God with comfort,—when with joy and comfort we can think of nothing else.

Man surely is a compound of riddles and contradictions: by the law of his nature he avoids pain, and yet *unless he suffers in the flesh, he will not cease from sin*, though it is sure to bring pain and misery upon his head for ever.

Whilst all went pleasurably on with the prodigal, we hear not one word concerning his father—no pang of remorse for the sufferings in which he had left him, or resolution of returning, to make up the account of his folly: his

first

first hour of distress, seem'd to be his first hour of wisdom:—*When he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father have bread enough and to spare, whilst I perish!—*

Of all the terrors of nature, that of one day or another dying by hunger, is the greatest, and it is wisely wove into our frame to awaken man to industry, and call forth his talents; and tho' we seem to go on carelessly, sporting with it as we do with other terrors—yet, he that sees this enemy fairly, and in his most frightful shape, will need no long remonstrance to make him turn out of the way to avoid him.

It was the case of the prodigal—he arose to go to his father.—

—Alas! How shall he tell his story? Ye who have trod this round, tell me in what words he shall give in to his father, the sad *Items* of his extravagance and folly?

—The feasts and banquets which he gave to whole cities in the east,—the costs of Asiatick rarities,—and of Asiatick cooks to dress them —the expences of singing men and singing women,—the flute, the harp, the sackbut, and of all kinds of musick—the dress of the Persian courts, how magnificent! their slaves how numerous!—their chariots, their horses, their palaces, their furniture, what immense sums they had devoured!—what expectations from strangers of condition! what exactions!

How

How shall the youth make his father comprehend, that he was cheated at Damascus by one of the best men in the world;—that he had lent a part of his substance to a friend at Nineveh, who had fled off with it to the Ganges;—that a whore of Babylon had swallowed his best pearl, and anointed the whole city with his balm of Gilead;—that he had been sold by a man of honour for twenty shekels of silver, to a worker in graven images;—that the images he had purchased had profited him nothing;—that they could not be transported across the wilderness, and had been burnt with fire at Shusan;—that the apes and peacocks, which he had sent for from Tharfis, lay dead upon his hands; and that the mummies had not been dead long enough, which had been brought him out of Egypt:—that all had gone wrong since the day he forsook his father's house.

—Leave the story,—it will be told more concisely.—*When he was yet afar off, his father saw him,—* Compassion told it in three words—*he fell upon his neck and kissed him.*

Great is the power of eloquence: but never is it so great as when it pleads along with nature, and the culprit is a child strayed from his duty, and returned to it again with tears: Casuists may fettle the point as they will: But what could a parent see more in the account, than the natural one, of an ingenuous heart too open for the world,—smitten with strong sensations of pleasures,

pleasures, and suffered to fall forth unarm'd into the midst of enemies stronger than himself?

Generosity sorrows as much for the over-matched, as pity herself does.

The idea of a son so ruin'd; would double the father's caresses: every effusion of his tenderness would add bitterness to his son's remorse.

—— “Gracious heaven! what a father have I rendered miserable!”

And he said, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.

But the father said, Bring forth the best robe——

O ye affections! How fondly do you play at cross-purposes with each other?—’Tis the natural dialogue of true transport: joy is not methodical; and where an offender, beloved, overcharges itself in the offence,—words are too cold; and a conciliated heart replies by tokens of esteem.

And he said unto his servants, Bring forth the best robe and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet, and bring hither the fatted calf, and let us eat and drink and be merry.

When the affections so kindly break loose, Joy, is another name for Religion.

We look up as we taste it: the cold Stoick without, when he hears the dancing and the musick,

musick, may ask sullenly, with the elder brother, What it means; and refuse to enter: but the humane and compassionate all fly impetuously to the banquet, given *for a son who was dead and is alive again, — who was lost and is found.* Gentle spirits, light up the pavillion with a sacred fire; and parental love, and filial piety lead in the mask with riot and wild festivity!—Was it not for this that God gave man musick to strike upon the kindly passions; that nature taught the feet to dance to its movements, and as chief governess of the feast, poured forth wine into the goblet, to crown it with gladness?

The intention of this parable is so clear from the occasion of it, that it will not be necessary to perplex it with any tedious explanation: it was designed by way of indirect remonstrance to the Scribes and Pharisees, who animadverted upon our Saviour's conduct, for entering so freely into conferences with sinners, in order to reclaim them. To that end, he proposes the parable of the shepherd, who left his ninety and nine sheep that were safe in the fold, to go and seek for one sheep that was gone astray—telling them in other places, that they who were whole wanted not a physician,—but they that were sick:—and here, to carry on the same lesson, and to prove how acceptable such a recovery was to God, he relates this account of the prodigal son and his welcome reception.

I know

I know not whether it would be a subject of much edification to convince you here, that our Saviour, by the prodigal son, particularly pointed at those who were *sinners of the Gentiles*, and were recovered by divine Grace to repentance; — and that by the elder brother, he intended as manifestly the more froward of the Jews, who envied their conversion, and thought it a kind of wrong to their primogeniture, in being made fellow-heirs with them of the promises of God.

These uses have been so ably set forth, in so many good sermons upon the prodigal son, that I shall turn aside from them at present, and content myself with some reflections upon that fatal passion which led him, — and so many thousands after the example, *to gather all he had together, and take his journey into a far country.*

The love of variety, or curiosity of seeing new things, which is the same, or at least a sister passion to it, — seems wove into the frame of every son and daughter of Adam; we usually speak of it as one of nature's levities, though planted within us for the solid purposes of carrying forwards the mind to fresh enquiry and knowledge: strip us of it, the mind, I fear, would doze for ever over the present page; and we should all of us rest at ease with such objects as presented themselves in the parish or province where we first drew our breath.

It is to this spur which is ever in our sides, that we owe the impatience of this desire for travelling: the passion is no way bad,—but as others are,—in its mismanagement or excess;—order it rightly, the advantages are worth the pursuit; the chief of which are—to learn the languages, the laws and customs, and understand the government and interest of other nations,—to acquire an urbanity and confidence of behaviour; and fit the mind more easily for conversation and discourse;—to take us out of the company of our aunts and grandmothers, and from the track of nursery mistakes; and by shewing us new objects, or old ones in new lights, to reform our judgments—by tasting perpetually the varieties of nature, to know what *is good*—by observing the address and arts of men, to conceive what *is sincere*,—and by seeing the difference of so many various humours and manners,—to look into ourselves and form our own.

This is some part of the cargo we might return with; but the impulse of seeing new sights, augmented with that of getting clear from all lessons both of wisdom and reproof at home—carries our youth too early out, to turn this venture to much account; on the contrary, if the scene painted of the prodigal in his travels, looks more like a copy than an original,—will it not be well if such an adventurer, with so unpromising a setting out,—without *carte*,—without compass,—be not cast away for ever,—and

may he not be said to escape well——if he returns to his country, only as naked, as he first left it?

But you will send an able pilot with your son—a scholar.—

If wisdom can speak in no other language but Greek or Latin,—you do well—or if mathematicks will make a man a gentleman,—or natural philosophy but teach him to make a bow,—he may be of some service in introducing your son into good societies, and supporting him in them when he has done—but the upshot will be generally this, that in the most pressing occasions of address;——if he is a mere man of reading, the unhappy youth will have the tutor to carry,—and not the tutor to carry him.

But you will avoid this extreme; he shall be escorted by one who knows the world; not merely from books——but from his own experience;—a man who has been employed on such services, and thrice made the *tour of Europe, with success.*

—That is, without breaking his own, or his pupil's neck;—for if he is such as my eyes have seen! some broken *Swiss valet de chambre*,—some general undertaker, who will perform the journey in so many months “IF GOD PERMIT,”—much knowledge will not accrue;—some profit at least,—he will learn the amount to a halfpenny, of every stage from Calais to Rome;—he will be carried to the best inns,—

instructed where there is the best wine, and sup a livre cheaper, than if the youth had been left to make the tour and the bargain himself.——

Look at our governor! I beseech you:—see, he is an inch taller as he relates the advantages.——

——And here endeth his pride—his knowledge and his use.

But when your son gets abroad, he will be taken out of his hand, by his society with men of rank and letters, with whom he will pass the greatest part of his time.

Let me observe in the first place,—that company which is really good, is very rare—and very shy: but you have surmounted this difficulty; and procured him the best letters of recommendation to the most eminent and respectable in every capital.——

And I answer, that he will obtain all by them, which courtesy strictly stands obliged to pay on such occasions,—but no more.

There is nothing in which we are so much deceived, as in the advantages proposed from our connections and discourse with the literati, &c. in foreign parts; especially if the experiment is made before we are matured by years or study.

Conversation is a traffick; and if you enter into it, without some stock of knowledge, to ballance the account perpetually betwixt you,—the trade drops at once: and this is the reason,
—however

—however it may be boasted to the contrary, why travellers have so little, especially good, conversation with natives,——owing to their suspicion,——or perhaps conviction, that there is nothing to be extracted from the conversation of young itinerants, worth the trouble of their bad language,——or the interruption of their visits.

The pain on these occasions is usually reciprocal; the consequence of which is, that the disappointed youth seeks an easier society; and as bad company is always ready,——and ever lying in wait,——the career is soon finished; and the poor prodigal returns the same object of pity, with the prodigal in the gospel.

THESE are the words which Moses said to the children of Israel, when he was about to enter the land of Canaan. He had just delivered them from the bondage of Egypt, and he was now about to lead them into the land which he had sworn to give them. He had just delivered them from the bondage of Egypt, and he was now about to lead them into the land which he had sworn to give them. He had just delivered them from the bondage of Egypt, and he was now about to lead them into the land which he had sworn to give them.

S E R M O N XXI.

National Mercies considered. ()*

DEUTERONOMY VI. 20, 21.

And when thy son asketh thee in time to come, saying, What mean the testimonies, and the statutes, and the judgments, which the Lord our God hath commanded you? then thou shalt say unto thy son, We were Pharoah's bondsmen in Egypt, and the Lord brought us out of Egypt with a mighty band.

THESE are the words which Moses left as a standing answer for the children of Israel to give their posterity, who in time to come might become ignorant, or unmindful of the many and great mercies, which God had vouchsafed to their forefathers: all which had terminated in that one of their deliverance out of bondage.

Though they were directed to speak in this manner, each man to his son, yet one cannot suppose, that the direction should be necessary for the next generation,—for the children of those who had been eye-witnesses of God's Providences:

(*) On the Inauguration of his present Majesty.

vidences: it does not seem likely that any of them should arrive to that age of reasoning, which would put them upon asking the supposed question, and not be, long before-hand, instructed in the answer. Every parent would tell his child the hardships of his captivity, and the amazing particulars of his deliverance: the story was so uncommon,—so full of wonder,—and withal, the recital of it would ever be a matter of such transport, it could not possibly be kept a secret: —the piety and gratitude of one generation, would anticipate the curiosity of another;—their sons would learn the story with their language.

—This probably might be the case with the first or second race of people, but in process of Time, things might take a different turn: a long and undisturbed possession of their liberties, might blunt the sense of those providences of God, which had procured them, and set the remembrance of all his mercies, at too great a distance from their hearts. After they had for some years been eased of every real burthen, an excess of freedom might make them restless under every imaginary one, and amongst others that of their religion; from thence they might seek occasion to enquire into the foundation and fitness of its ceremonies, its statutes, and its judgments.

They might ask, What meant so many commands in matters which to them appeared indifferent in their own natures? What policy in ordaining them?—and, What obligation could

there lay upon reasonable creatures, to comply with a multitude of such unaccountable injunctions, so unworthy the wisdom of God?

Hereafter, possibly, they might go further lengths; and though their natural bent was generally towards superstition, yet some adventurers, as is ever the case, might steer for the opposite coast, and as they advanced might discover that all religions of what denominations or complexions soever were alike. That the Religion of their own country in particular, was a contrivance of the Priests and Levites,——a phantom dressed out in a terrifying garb of their own making, to keep weak minds in fear:—that its rites and ceremonies, and numberless injunctions, were so many different wheels in the same political engine, put in, no doubt, to amuse the ignorant and keep them in such a state of darkness, as clerical juggling requires.

That as for the moral part of it, though it was unexceptionable in itself—yet it was a piece of intelligence they did not stand in want of; men had natural reason always to have found it out,——and wisdom to have practised it, without Moses's assistance.

Nay, possibly, in process of time, they might arrive at greater improvements in religious controversy—when they had given their system of infidelity all the strength it could admit of from reason, they might begin to embellish it with some more sprightly conceits and turns of ridicule.

Some

Some wanton Israelite, when he had eaten and was full, might give free scope and indulgence to this talent: as arguments and sober reasoning fail'd, he might turn the edge of his wit against types and symbols and treat all the mysteries of his religion, and every thing that could be said upon so serious a subject with raillery and mirth: he might give vent to a world of pleasantry upon many sacred passages of his law: he might banter the golden calf, or the brazen serpent with great courage, — and confound himself in the distinctions of clean and unclean beasts, by the desperate fallies of his wit against them.

He could but possibly take one step further; when the land which flowed with milk and honey, had quite worn out the impressions of his yoke, and blessings began to multiply upon his hands, he might draw this curious conclusion, that there was no Being who was the author and bestower of them, — but that it was their own arm, and the mightiness of Israelitish strength which had put them and kept them in possession of so much happiness. —

O Moses! How would thy meek and patient spirit have been put to the torture by such a return? If a propensity towards superstition in the Israelites, did once betray thee into an excess of anger, that thou threwest the two tables out of thy hands, which God had wrote, and carelessly hazarded'st the whole treasure of the world, — with what indignation and honest anguish

guish wouldst thou have heard the scoffings of those who denied the hand which brought them forth, and said, Who is God, that we should obey his voice? With what force and vivacity wouldst thou have reproached them with the history of their own nation:—that if too free an enjoyment of God's blessings, had made them forget to look backwards,—it was necessary to remind them, that their forefathers were Pharaoh's bondsmen in Egypt, without prospect of deliverance; that the chains of their captivity had been fixed and rivetted by a succession of four hundred and thirty years, without the interruption of one struggle for their liberty: That after the expiration of that hopeless period, when no natural means favoured the event, they were snatched almost against their own wills, out of the hands of their oppressors, and led through an ocean of dangers, to the possession of a land of plenty:—that this change in their affairs, was not the produce of chance or fortune,—or was it projected or executed by any achievement or plan of human device, which might soon again be defeated by superior strength or policy from without, or from force of accidents from within, from change of circumstances, humours and passions of men, all which generally had a sway in the rise and fall of kingdoms,—but that all was brought about by the power and goodness of God, who saw and pitied the afflictions of a distressed people, and by a chain of great
and

and mighty deliverances, set them free from the yoke of oppression.

That since that miraculous escape, a series of successes not to be accounted for by second causes, and the natural course of events, had demonstrated not only God's providence in general, but his particular providence and attachment to them—that nations greater and mightier than they, were driven out before them, and their lands given to them for an everlasting possession.——

This was what they should teach their children, and their children's children after them.—— Happy generations, for whom so joyful a lesson was prepared! happy indeed! had ye at all times known to have made the use of it, which Moses continually exhorted,——*of drawing nigh unto God with all your hearts, who had been so nigh unto you.*

And here let us drop the argument, as it respects the Jews, and for a moment turn it towards ourselves: the present occasion, and the recollection which is natural upon it, of the many other parts of this complicated blessing vouchsafed to us, since we became a nation, making it hard to desist from such an application.

I begin with the first in order of time, as well as the greatest of national deliverances,—our deliverance from darkness and idolatry, by the conveyance of the light which Christianity brought

brought with it into Britain, so early as in the life-time of the apostles themselves,—or at furthest, not many years after their death.

Though this might seem a blessing conveyed and offered to us in common with other parts of the world, yet when you reflect upon this as a remote corner of the earth in respect of Judea—its situation and inaccessibleness as an island,—the little that was then known of navigation,—or carried on of commerce,—the large tract of land which to this day remains unhallowed with the name of Christ, and almost in the neighbourhood of where the first glad tidings of him were founded—One cannot but adore the goodness of God, and remark a more particular Providence in its conveyance and establishment here, than amongst other nations upon the continent,—where, though the oppositions from error and prejudice were equal, it had not these natural impediments to encounter.

Historians and statesmen, who generally search every where for the causes of events, but in the pleasure of Him who disposes of them, may make different reflections upon this. They may consider it as a matter incidental, brought to pass by the fortuitous ambition, success and settlement of the Romans here; it appearing, that in Claudius's reign, when Christianity began to get footing in Rome, that near eighty thousand of that city and people were fixed in this island: as this made a free communication be-

twixt

twixt the two places, the way for the gospel was in course open, and its transition from the one to the other, natural and easy to be accounted for—and yet, nevertheless, providential. God often suffers us to pursue the devices of our hearts, whilst he turns the course of them, like the rivers of waters, to bountiful purposes. Thus, he might make that pursuit of glory inherent in the Romans, the engine to advance his own, and establish it here: he might make the wickedness of the earth, to work his own righteousness, by suffering them to wander a while beyond their proper bounds, till his purposes were fulfilled, and, *then put his hook into their nostrils*, and lead those wild beasts of prey back again into their own land.

Next to this blessing of the light of the gospel, we must not forget that by which it was preserved from the danger of being totally smothered and extinguished, by that vast swarm of barbarous nations, which came down upon us from the north, and shook the world like a tempest; changing names and customs, and language and government, and almost the very face of nature wherever they fixed. That our religion should be preserved at all, when every thing else seemed to perish, which was capable of change,—or, that it should not be hurt under that mighty weight of ruins, beyond the recovery of its former beauty and strength,—the whole can be ascribed to no cause so likely

as this, That the same power of God which sent it forth, was present to support it—— when the whole frame of other things gave way.

Next in degree to this mercy of preserving Christianity from an utter extinction,—— we must reckon that of being enabled to preserve, and free it from corruptions, which the rust of time, —— the abuses of men, and the natural tendency of all things to degeneracy, which are trusted to them, had from time to time introduced into it.

Since the day in which this reformation was began, by how many strange and critical turns has it been perfected and handed down, if not, *entirely without spot or wrinkle*,—— at least, without great blotches or marks of anility.

Even the blow which was suffered to fall upon it shortly after, in that period where our history looks so unlike herself, stain'd, Mary, by thee, and disfigured with blood:—— can one reflect upon it, without adoring the Providence of God, which so speedily snatched the sword of persecution out of her hand,—— making her reign as short as it was merciless.

If God then made us, as he did the Israelites, suck honey out of the rock, and oil out of the flinty rock, how much more signal was his mercy in giving them to us without money, without price, in those good days which followed, when a long and a wise reign was as necessary

necessary to build up our church, as a short one was before to save it from ruins.——

——The blessing was necessary,——
——and it was granted.——

God having multiplied the years of that renowned princess to an uncommon number, giving her time, as well as a heart, to fix a wavering persecuted people, and settle them upon such foundation as must make them happy; ——the touch-stone, by which they are to be tried, whom God has entrusted with the care of kingdoms.

Blessed be thy glorious name for ever and ever, in making that test so much easier for the British, than other princes of this earth; whose subjects, whatever other changes they have felt, have seldom happened upon that of changing their misery, and it is to be feared, are never likely, so long as they are kept so strongly bound in chains of darkness,——and chains of power.

From both these kinds of evils, which are almost naturally connected together, How providential was our escape in the succeeding reign, when all the choice blood was bespoke and preparations made to offer it up at one sacrifice.

I would not intermix the horrors of that black projected festival, with the glories of this: or name the sorrows of the next reign,
which

which ended in the subversion of our constitution, was it not necessary to pursue the thread of our deliverances through those times, and remark how nigh God's Providence was to us in them both, by protecting us from the one, in as signal a manner, as he restored us from the other.

Indeed the latter of them, might have been a joyless matter of remembrance to us at this day, had it not been confirmed a blessing by a succeeding escape, which sealed and conveyed it safe down to us: whether it was to correct an undue sense of former blessings,—or to teach us to reflect upon the number and value of them, by threatening us with the deprivation of them, —we were suffered, however, to approach the edge of a precipice, where, if God had not raised up a deliverer to lead us back—all had been lost!—the arts of Jesuitry had decoyed us forwards, or if that had failed, we had been push'd down by open force, and our destruction had been inevitable.

The good consequences of that deliverance are such, that it seemed as if God had suffered our waters, like those of Bethesda, to be troubled, to make them afterwards more healing to us; since to the account of that day's blessing, we charge the enjoyment of every thing since, worth a free man's living for;—the revival of our liberty, our religion; the just rights of our kings,—and the just rights of our people,—
and

and along with all, that happy provision for their continuance, for which we are returning thanks to God this day.

Let us do it, I beseech you, in the way which becomes wise men, by pursuing the intentions of his blessings, and making a better use of them than our forefathers, who sometimes seem'd to grow weary of their own happiness:—let us rather thank God for the good land which he has given us; and when we begin to prosper in it, and have built goodly houses and dwelt therein,—and when our silver and our gold is multiplied, and all that we have is multiplied, let the instances of our virtue and benevolence be multiplied with them, that the great and mighty God, who is righteous in all his ways, and holy in all his works, may in the last day of accounting with us, judge us worthy of the mercies we have received.

In vain are days set apart to celebrate successful occurrences, unless they influence a nation's morals:—a sinful people can never be grateful to God,——nor can they, properly speaking, be loyal to their prince;——they cannot be grateful to the one,——because they live not under a sense of his mercies,——nor can they be loyal to the other, because they disengage the Providence of God from taking his part,—and then giving a heart to his adversaries to be intractable.——

And therefore, what was said by some one
 That every sin was a treason against the soul
 may be applied here,—That every wicked man
 is a traitor to his king and his country. And,
 whatever statesmen may write of the causes of
 the rise and fall of nations;—for the contrary
 reasons, a good man will ever be found to be
 the best patriot and the best subject; and though
 an individual may say, What can my righteous-
 ness profit a nation of men? it may be answered,
 That if it should fail of a blessing here,—it will
 have one advantage at least, which is this,
 It will save thy own soul; which may God
 grant. Amen.

2 AP 57